

FOOTBALL VICTIM'S DEATH EXPLAINED.

Report of the Doctor's Autopsy Shows What Killed Young Rhue.

Bursting of Blood Vessel in Medulla Oblongata and Oedema of the Lungs.

Philip Van Kirk, Who Tackled the Boy, Will Testify at the Inquest To-night.

CANNOT REMEMBER EVERY FACT.

Details Escaped Him in the Excitement, but He Says Rhue Fell First in a Sitting Posture, Then Over on His Back.

The inquest on the death of Walter S. Rhue, the boy who was killed in a football game in Prospect Park on Thanksgiving Day, will be held in the Coroner's office, Brooklyn, to-night.

Philip Van Kirk, the boy who tackled Rhue, will tell the Coroner's Jury, as well as he can, how it happened. Dr. H. P. De Forest, of No. 389 Hancock street, will also testify. He held a post-mortem examination on the body, and will testify as to the exact cause of death.

The bursting of a blood vessel in the medulla oblongata and oedema of the lungs were what caused death. The report of the doctor's autopsy is on file in the Coroner's office, but it is so brief and unsatisfactory that Dr. De Forest has been subpoenaed as a witness to give more details.

Dr. De Forest refused yesterday to talk about the autopsy, as he had performed the operation at the request of the hospital authorities.

A well informed physician, however, stated that it would not require a blow on the back of the head to rupture a blood vessel at the base of the brain. A sudden jerk of the head forward or back would likely produce such an effect.

Young Van Kirk said yesterday that as well as he could remember he caught Rhue by the legs and Rhue fell back violently, first into a sitting posture and then over on his back. His head did not appear to strike the earth heavily, but even if it had the ground was soft and there were no stones anywhere in sight. Van Kirk thought it probable that the way Rhue's body fell he might have ruptured the blood vessel in his brain.

The bleeding of the lungs might have been caused by the blow, but the boys who fell on top of Rhue, however, Deputy Coroner James Deegan, who has looked up the evidence carefully, says that he cannot find that any number of boys fell on top of Rhue as he lay prostrate on the ground.

Van Kirk says he was so excited that all the facts are not clear in his mind. "Some of the boys were on top of us," he said, "but I don't know how many."



Seat of the Fatal Injury to a Boy Football Player.

The picture shows the medulla oblonga exposed to view. In the autopsy on the body of young Walter Rhue, who met his death on the football field Thanksgiving Day, it was discovered that he had sustained injuries causing the rupture in the brain of important blood vessels, resulting in a hemorrhage into the medulla, which, paralyzing its functions, caused death. The medulla is that portion of the brain just before merging into the spinal cord. It contains the action of the lungs and heart, and when it is injured death ensues immediately. The letter A shows the medulla.

READING IN NEW HANDS.

Receivers of the Old Railroad Company Turn Over All Property and Franchises to the Reorganized Corporation.

Philadelphia, Nov. 30.—The receivers of the old Philadelphia & Reading Company formally turned over all the property and franchises of the company to the reorganized corporation at midnight to-night. All the preparations for the transfer had been made, and notices were issued to the heads of the departments officially informing them of the change. In addition, instructions were sent out stating that all employees holding positions prior to November 30 will be retained in their respective positions.

The Reading Railroad Company, it is understood, made a deal to Messrs. Coster and Steison, the accredited purchasers of the property, and these gentlemen executed a deed to the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad Company, transferring the property to them.

An arrangement has been perfected whereby the earnings of the old companies in November will be turned over to the new corporation, and likewise all remittances, bills receivable, etc., the railway company paying wages and other obligations for the account of the receivers.

Although the authority of the receivers ended to-night, they will not be formally discharged by the court until early in January, or until their November accounts shall have been audited.

MORE ROADS FOR CANADA.

The New Lines Will Connect the Big Gold Fields Directly with the Canadian Pacific.

St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 30.—I. H. Davies, Canadian Minister of Fisheries and Marine, passed through the city yesterday on his way to Vancouver, where the Behring Sea Commission session is now in progress. He was accompanied by A. G. Blair, Minister of Railways and Canals, and others. All but Blair will take part in the Behring Sea proceedings.

Mr. Blair goes to Lethbridge, N. W. T., to inspect the proposed route forming an extension of the Canadian Pacific to Crow's Nest Pass into the mining territory of Canada. His mission is connected with the discovery of immense gold fields in British Columbia, which has induced the Canadian Government to undertake an extensive investigation of that country.

This investigation comprehends the tapping of the great gold fields of Southern British Columbia by a complete system of railway lines in one of the most tortuous regions for railroad building in the world. The new lines will connect directly with the Canadian Pacific Railway and will put the gold mines and the hundreds of thousands of acres of rich bituminous coal lands in direct connection with the Great Northwestern Trunk line. The undertaking involves an expenditure of some \$8,000,000.

ALL HAD TO WALK OVER THE BRIDGE.

Passengers at the Theatre Hour Found Cars Were Stopped.

Thousands of Brooklynites in Evening Dress Were Stalled on the Platforms.

But the Ticket Sellers Kept Busily at Work Increasing the Crowd.

ELECTRIC MOTOR JUMPED THE TRACK.

Blocked the Switches So That Only One Train Was Available for the Use of the Would-Be Patrons.

One of the new electric motor cars which were put in operation on the Brooklyn bridge yesterday, jumped the track in the Brooklyn depot at 7 o'clock last night and as a consequence several thousand people had to walk across the bridge or else tramp down to the river and take the ferries. From 7 o'clock until nearly 9 both the New York and Brooklyn stations were crowded with angry people, for the ticket sellers said nothing of what had happened, and it was not until after a person had bought a ticket and tried to reach the platform to take a train that he learned of the accident.

In this city the delay was bad enough, as there were thousands of persons who did not reach the bridge on their way home until after the accident, and the consequent stoppage of trains. These persons waited patiently at first, and then impatiently, for the trains that never came. Then they began to file down from the platforms and march across on the promenade. It was not a pleasant walk with the cold wind whistling down the river, and the remarks that were made regarding the management of the bridge were not at all complimentary to the trustees.

In Brooklyn the trouble was worse. Over the migration of the theatregoers to New York had just begun when the breakdown occurred. Men and women in evening dress crowded the platforms and walked up and down the stairs trying to keep warm and hoping that the cars would soon be in motion. The longer they waited and walked the more certain it became that the trains would not run and many of them gave it up and went home.

After half an hour's delay the workmen on the bridge fixed up a makeshift by which they tried to make matters if anything worse than before. They shunted one train back and forth on the north track, but as only a few persons could be carried on each train and the sight of the moving cars tended to bring more people to the platform, no compensating good was done by the one train and hundreds of persons who would otherwise have gone directly to the ferries were lured to the bridge where they bought tickets and then waited in the cold.

The accident which caused all this trouble was as simple as it was aggravating. In the Brooklyn depot beyond the platform is a V-shaped switch upon which all trains must run before they can reach the outgoing track.

MASKED ROBBER AIMED AT HIM.

Edgar Lockwood Awoke to Find a Pistol Pointed at His Head.

Sprang from His Bed and Tried to Capture the Burglar, but He Escaped.

House Had Been Plundered and \$2,000 Worth of Jewels Were Carried Away.

WHERE WAS THE PRIVATE WATCHMAN?

Lockwood is a Wealthy Banker and Lives in a House Opposite That of Former Mayor Gilroy.

The residence of Edgar Lockwood, a wealthy banker, at No. 6 West One Hundred and Twenty-first street, was entered by a burglar at 2 o'clock on Sunday morning. He got about \$2,000 worth of jewelry and a small amount of money. The Lockwood house is a three-story and basement brownstone structure, directly opposite the home of ex-Mayor Gilroy.

The thief gained an entrance through a kitchen window in the rear of the basement, after breaking through the iron window bars. He ransacked the table drawers in the kitchen and took \$14 in cash from a pocketbook belonging to one of the servants in the house. He then went up the back stairway, lighting his way with matches. Many of the burned matches were found on the floors throughout the house. The thief then plundered the dining room, but took none of the valuable silverware which stood in plain view on the sideboard.

In the library, on the second floor, every article of furniture was turned topsy-turvy. A large roll-top desk belonging to Mr. Lockwood was broken open and the papers scattered about the floor. Another desk, belonging to Mrs. Lockwood was also ransacked. In the latter place the burglar got the several pieces of costly jewelry which he carried away.

Burglar's Revolver Ready.

Mr. Lockwood's bedroom is directly in the rear of the library, and connected with it by sliding doors. At about 2:30 o'clock he was awakened by hearing somebody moving the latch of these doors. A moment later they were pushed gently apart and a masked man entered the room. He paused near the threshold and pointed a revolver at Mr. Lockwood. He evidently was in doubt whether the master of the house was awake or not. Mr. Lockwood sprang from the bed and ran at him.

The burglar waited until he was within a few feet of him, then turned and ran. Mr. Lockwood, thinking that the man would naturally take the shortest way out

by going down the front stairway, ran in that direction to cut off his escape. The burglar, however, made for the back stairway. Mr. Lockwood perceived his mistake too late, and by the time he had reached the kitchen the burglar had already made his escape, leaving the door into the rear yard open behind him.

In the meantime Mrs. Lockwood, awakened by the noise, had thrown open the front window of the house and called loudly for the police. George Blair, who lives directly across the street, was awakened by her cries, and, opening a window, inquired what was the matter.

"There are burglars in the house!" screamed Mrs. Lockwood.

Where Was the Special Officer?

Mr. Blair fired two shots from his revolver into the air, hoping to attract the attention of Special Officer John Heltzer, who is paid to protect the houses in the neighborhood. As the officer did not appear, he dressed and went over to the house. A thorough search revealed that nothing had been taken except the money from the kitchen table and the jewels from Mrs. Lockwood's desk, which were valued at \$2,000. Among the articles stolen from the desk were a large diamond star pendant, several diamond rings and a brooch set with rubies.

The police were immediately notified, and Captain Haughey, of the Twenty-ninth Precinct, put two of his men at work on the case. Mr. Lockwood was so dazed by the light when the burglar entered his room that he was unable to give an accurate description of the man. He says, however, that he was short and heavily built and wore a dark hankkerchief over the lower part of his face. In his haste to get away the burglar left an ordinary monkey wrench and a heavy wheel-cutter. The crudeness of these tools leads the police to believe that the robbery was the work of a green hand.

TURKS ASSAIL SAILORS.

Officers of the Cincinnati Assaulted at Smyrna, Frenchmen Robbed and Englishmen Held for Ransom.

There is a Brooklyn boy on the cruiser Cincinnati in the harbor of Smyrna who went for adventure and has found nothing but homesickness. His name is Fred Porter, and he has written to Brooklyn friends describing his experiences waiting for the night which all the navy expected when the little Hancock went across the seas to force the passage of the Dardanelles.

"We hear nothing about the Armenians," he writes on November 8, "but the harbor is full of warships, twenty-one in all—Italian, four French, two German and one Spanish. We arrived here October 14, and the Hancock two days later. There is a big English fleet lying at Malta. What it will all come to I don't know, but it looks as if we would have a little side show here, as one of the French ships went inside the breakwater this morning to take possession of the Custom House, or is standing by to do so. The trouble arose over the robbing of a French officer who was on shore. He was badly wounded, and a French sailor was stabbed. There is also an English officer held in the country somewhere. They say he is held for ransom, and that England will pay it, and then make the Sultan refund the money."

"So far none of our sailors or officers have had any trouble, except a party of officers who went to an old church, which is on a hill back of the city. They were assaulted, but succeeded in getting away without serious injury."

Concert Lacked Sacredness.

Detective Farrell went to Gels's "Little Coney Island Pavilion" on the Westchester bank of the Bronx River at West Farms Sunday evening and sat down at a table and listened to a sacred concert. When George Blomfield, dressed in lights and wearing close shaven, "Will You Marry Me, Mary Ann," and danced a Rag. Farrell arrested him and Anna Gels, the proprietress of the hotel and pavilion. They pleaded no guilt in the Morrisania Police Court yesterday morning, but were held in \$500 bail for examination.

CARBOLIC ACID HAS A BUSY DAY.

John E. Lawson, an Importer, Found Dead in a Relation's Home.

Mary Green Swallows a Dose Because Her Lover Goes Away.

Ends Her Life in a Saloon After Hours Spent in Hard Drinking.

JANE JARVIS ANOTHER VICTIM.

The Mother of Five Children, She is Driven to Death by Protracted Fits of Melancholia.

John E. Lawson, an importer of handkerchiefs, having an office at No. 55 White street, was found dead in bed at the home of his father's cousin, Robert Lawson, No. 18 East Eleventh street, at 8 o'clock yesterday morning.

There was an odor of carbolic acid in the chamber of death, and the dead man's lips were blistered.

John E. Lawson was forty-eight years old. He was born in Belfast, Ireland, and came to this country in 1885. He was brought up in the linen trade, and found employment with Charles Broadway & Sons. He had charge of that remarkable merchant's linen department for eight years and was highly valued, but was released last December on account of intemperance. It was understood there that he was married, but his relatives—who comprise the families of the brothers Robert, Andrew and David Lawson—knew nothing of this, although they learned recently that he was engaged to a young woman in Newark.

Mary Green, thirteen years old, also known as Alice Murnan, drank two ounces of carbolic acid in Davis's saloon at No. 78 Third avenue, early yesterday morning, dying a few hours later in Bellevue Hospital.

John Murnan, with whom she had lived for two years, left her yesterday afternoon, to go to Troy, where he had secured a position. She did not want him to go and began to drink, continuing all night, at last taking the poison and closing her life.

In her pockets were found a gold ring, a gold bracelet and a latch key. Her alleged husband, John Murnan, whose name she went by, is said to be a telegraph operator. Nobody appears to know their last place of residence.

Mrs. Mary Jane Jarvis, thirty-nine years old, of No. 159 East Ninety-seventh street, committed suicide last evening by taking a quantity of carbolic acid.

Mrs. Jarvis is the wife of John Jarvis, a bookkeeper, and the mother of five children. She was troubled with melancholia for a number of years and had often threatened her life. At 6:30 o'clock last night her children heard her scream from the parlor, and, running in, found her lying upon the floor in great agony. Noticing that she was dead, they called for Dr. Rogers, of No. 172 East Ninety-fourth street, and when the doctor came Mrs. Jarvis was dying. She expired a few minutes after his arrival.

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